

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one shall share i'th gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musike and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues
Confound and swallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction ficken: Answer me
To what I aske you.

1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 Wee'l answer.
1 Say, if th' hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
1 Powe in Sower blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show. *Thunder.*

1 Apparition, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.
1 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduffe,
Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.

He Descends.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the first. *Thunder.*

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.
2 Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth. *Descends.*

Macb. Then lue Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double fure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not lue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

3 Apparition, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand. *Thunder.*
What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 Appar. Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill
Shall come against him. *Descend.*

Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impress the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadiments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnam rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall lue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know!
Why finkes that Caldron? & what noife is this? *Hoboyes*

1 Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greene his Hart,
Come like shadows, so depart.

*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse
in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggas,
Why do you shew me this? A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th' crake of Doome?
Another yet? A seauenth? Ile see no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Musike.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious houre,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*

Lenox. What's your Graces will. *Macb.*

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infested be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And darnd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horie. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke

Vlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:

The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize,
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th' edge o'th' sword

His Wife, his Babes, and all vnforgate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,

This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Rosse. You must haue patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wifedome, or his feare.

Wife. Wifedome? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place

From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren

(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:

All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wifedome, where the flight

So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My deereft Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,

He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much further,

But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor

From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floure vpon a wilde and violent Sea

Each way, and more. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,

Blessing vpon you. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer?
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leaue at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you lue?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,

Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother?

Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead:

How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Wife. Euen one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Euen one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,

and hang vp them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
haue a new Father.

Wife. Poore piatler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;

I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,

Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fight you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:

To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?

What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. I should lyt thou shagge-eard Villaine?

Mur. What you Egge?

Son. Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,

Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Mother.*